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## THE LAST HOURS OF JOHN LOCKE.

"ABSOLUTE liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty," were the sentiments of Locke. No man more successfully laboured to unshackle the human understanding, or ardently desired to present the Christian religion in its primitive form and power, than Locke. Dugald Stewart has said, "That if Luther delivered the Christian world from the thralldom of the priesthood, Locke in no less degree delivered the world from the thralldom of errors and prejudices. Luther aimed to make every man his own pope, and Locke aimed to make every man his own guide in philosophy." He was one of those divinely-gifted men who confer unmeasured good on posterity, and impose upon succeeding generations a debt of gratitude and of homage cheerfully repaid. Mental philosophy, the science of good government, and the Christian religion, he saw with an unclouded eye. Of religion he said, "It is that science which would truly enlarge men's minds, were it studied or permitted to be studied everywhere with that freedom, love of truth and charity which it teacheth." Its practical influence on his life made him humble as a child, and beneficent to the poor, the fatherless and widow. He frequently called at the door of the poor cottager, and cheered his home by a kindly word and some little gift. One who knew him well called him "the best Christian gentleman that ever lived." He possessed all the requisites of happiness and lasting peace,—cheerfulness of temper and the habit of always employing himself in some useful and noble pursuit. He lived a long and eventful life: let us mark its closing scene. Four years before his decease, he felt death was coming upon him, his end was drawing near. He had been troubled with asthma for many

years, and he said he felt his lungs were failing him. He wrote to his cousin, Lord Chancellor King, who had invited him to London, "I doubt I shall never see London again, though I have many reasons to be there. I have a very short time here, and I shall not die the sooner for having cast up my reckoning and judging as impartially of my state as I can. I shall not live one jot the less cheerfully the time that I am here, nor neglect any of the offices of life while I have it." He was then living at Oates, near High Laver, in Essex. During the last few weeks of his life he was as cheerful and happy as he had ever been, and was always asking after the welfare of his friends and neighbours, and frequently expressed himself perfectly resigned to death, so near upon him. It was on the 27th of October, 1704, he said to Lady Masham, "I have finished my career, and I do not think I can outlive this night." He took a little refreshment during the night, after which he said, "I wish you all happiness after I am gone. This world is only a preparation for a better state. I thank God I have passed a happy life." He desired to be carried into his study. This was done. Lady Masham was sitting by his side, reading out of the book of Psalms—he was paying a marked attention to the words she was reading—feeling his last moment was come, he stopped her Ladyship in the midst of her lesson, and closed his eyes in death. Perfectly resigned, hopeful and happy, he passed from this world to his immortal inheritance in heaven.

It is unnecessary to say that the religious sentiments of this distinguished and enlightened man were purely Unitarian, and these views were sufficient to sustain and comfort him in death, as they had done through a long and useful life.



## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THERE can be no English home—no parlour, kitchen, library, or drawing-room—where the name which stands at the head of this article is not well known. We have no need to recapitulate to our readers how the efforts made by this lady in the military hospitals of the East succeeded in rectifying the lamentable results of bad management and neglect, and restored to order and efficiency these asylums for the sick and wounded soldiers, in which the first disorder and confusion arising from want of due preparation and system had been of such fatal consequences. We think, however, that in proportion as the good effected by this excellent woman is well known and gratefully acknowledged by the people, will be the interest attached to her name, and the desire to know by what means she became so well qualified to perform such a useful and benevolent mission. We do not believe that a sudden inspiration of humane and generous feeling, or heroic self-sacrifice, could have been sufficient to enable her to do what she has done; but that, on the contrary, the successful carrying out of her enterprise has resulted from her peculiar *fitness* for the task. At the time when reports of the disastrous state of affairs in our hospitals at the seat of war, reached this country, filling every heart with the deepest commiseration and dismay, there were thousands of women who would gladly have undertaken to do what in them lay to mitigate the awful amount of suffering which the daily papers laid bare to their readers; but there was, perhaps, but in one woman the sense of due preparation and practical experience to qualify her for taking the lead in such an undertaking. It was Florence Nightingale alone who not only possessed the high natural requirements to fit her for the task, whose whole previous life had been in some respects a preparation for it—but, above all, who had especially trained herself for nursing the sick and wounded, and for understanding the systematic organization of a hospital, and the government of a staff of assistant nurses. It was, perhaps, the first in the chain of secondary causes which prepared Florence Nightingale for such a devotion of her life to her fellow-

creatures, the fact that her ancestors on both sides were remarkable for benevolence and philanthropy—her maternal grandfather, the late Mr. W. Smith, of Norwich, and a member of a Unitarian church in London, having been the coadjutor of Clarkson and Wilberforce in their long-continued efforts in the cause of slave emancipation in our colonies. In furthering many other schemes of benevolence and moral reform, Mr. Smith was equally remarkable for intelligence and practical sagacity, while the excellence of his private character—his superior understanding, cultivated taste, and strong religious feelings, could not but leave a deep impression upon his own and his children's children. The memory and example of a life devoted to high and noble aims is of itself a precious bequest for the head of a family to leave to his descendants, and such an inheritance cannot but have its influence in the formation of character and habits; and thus it came naturally to be the habit of the family to which Florence Nightingale belonged to employ themselves in works of benevolence, and to earnestly concern themselves in the welfare of their fellow-creatures. From her earliest childhood, when surrounded in her home with all that wealth and cultivated taste could bring together of refined luxury, it was still to the poor around her that she saw the thoughts of her parents ever directed as a prominent duty. At her father's dinner-table and in her mother's drawing-room she was early accustomed to listen to some of the philanthropists of the day discussing various schemes and theories which had for their object the relief and education of the poor.

She was born at Florence during a temporary residence of her parents in Italy; and on their return to England the inheritance of a large fortune and estates led to the formation of two family homes in the counties of Hampshire and Derbyshire, where the early lives of herself and her sister were passed in more than usually close contact with the surrounding peasantry. To their benevolent father and mother these poor neighbours were held of even more importance than their wealthy acquaintances; and it was part of every day's duty of the little girls to visit the cottages of the poor who



dwelt on or near their father's estates. In sallying forth on their morning walk, a basket packed with some little comfort or delicacy for an invalid, or a book from which to read to some old or infirm neighbour, was a never-failing accompaniment. In the adjoining villages, schools were established by their father and mother for the education of the children of the poor—not as a mere relief to their consciences, that in the spending of a large fortune so much should be given towards a generally acknowledged good purpose, but with a deep and earnest desire that through those schools a number of their fellow-creatures should be raised in the scale of being, and trained to usefulness and happiness both here and hereafter. These schools built and founded by their father became, as his daughters grew up, their especial object of care. It was their task to organize them on good principles; to find efficient teachers for them; to give instruction in them; and to make personal acquaintance with each and every child, and, through that acquaintanceship and by kind words, looks and acts, to influence them to good. In the meantime, Florence Nightingale's own education was going on, not only through such indirect influences, but by direct instruction of the best kind. On her return from abroad in early childhood, she spoke with facility both French and Italian as far as the languages could be acquired from Italian nurses and French *bonnes*. Those who remember the little child who was afterwards to become the practical philanthropist of these times, can call to mind the childish self-will and so-called *obstinacy* which, under good and judicious control, was to ripen into firmness of purpose, resolution, and strength of will, in the doing of good. The study of Latin under her father's instruction was no doubt of great use in maturing her powers of thought, while it also gave most important assistance to her in her subsequent medical studies. Much must also have been gained by her to fit her for her present undertakings in her early acquaintance with the internal machinery of large and well-regulated households; while her childish tastes for flowers, shells, and other natural objects, were turned to account by being led to observe closely

differences and likenesses in form and construction, so as to classify and arrange with accuracy and order her little collections. Quiet and thoughtful—reserved and shy, rather than demonstrative, the little child grew into the well-informed young woman, whose talents as an artist and musician would have been remarkable had they not been eclipsed by her more solid acquirements. One branch of study after another occupied her mind in the place of frivolous pursuits, or the mere search after pleasure *commonly* so called. The claims of the society of her equals in rank were held secondary to the claims of the poor and infirm among her neighbours. Entrance into what may be called fashionable life made no difference in her devotion to these, and in her careful management of her village schools. For months together she would give daily instruction in them, denying herself the pleasure of joining the breakfast-table that she might be early at her post. Snatching a hasty meal by herself, she would day after day in all weathers and all seasons—whether the dew of Spring or the snow of Winter lay upon her path—hurry across her father's park to the little school-house where the children of her class were awaiting her with their books and slates. To realize to herself more completely the life and duties of a teacher of the poor, she at one time took up her abode with a village schoolmistress, living with her in her little cottage, and teaching with her in her little school, so as to observe at the closest point of view the relations of teacher and pupil, and thus gain knowledge and experience available for the better organization of the schools in which she was personally interested.

Then came the time when yet larger schemes of benevolence began to occupy her mind. The condition of the poor in the hour of sickness, at all times a matter of interest to her when visiting their cottages, led naturally to a consideration of their fate when consigned to hospitals. Some casual exposure of neglect and inattention on the part of hospital nurses led her to consider the advantage of a better training of women for such employments; and the chance perusal of an article in a review on the subject, and with reference especially to



an institution in Germany for the express purpose of training nurses, first led her thoughts and sympathies into the channel where they were henceforth to exercise themselves for life. She felt at once how well such a vocation could employ her own energies and satisfy her yearnings for a wider sphere of usefulness, and saw how the more skilful nursing of the sick might employ many independent and educated women; while at the same time, by qualifying themselves to become nurses, hundreds of poor women might find a remunerative occupation. To the sick and suffering how great the gain in the more careful and skilful, more kind and gentle tending of those who acted from higher motives than the mere money payment, or who entered on the task with a sense of its being a high and holy vocation which might engage their best faculties and feelings, while they secured through it an adequate maintenance and respectable position in life! To enter at once on such a task in a moment of enthusiasm was not consistent with the character of Florence Nightingale. She must do so only after having duly and thoroughly qualified herself for its duties; and here we see in its fullest beauty the strength of her will and the nobleness of her resolve, thus to devote her life to a vocation which would necessarily oblige her to renounce all that had previously graced and embellished it. In that year especially, when it may be said that the minds of the whole English people were more than usually bent on excitement and pleasure;—in 1851, when the prevalent idea with us all was, how best to exhibit the material advantages of England and feast our eyes on the productions of art of our own and foreign countries—when for a season we were to give ourselves up to sight-seeing and social pleasures—in this year Florence Nightingale left her country and pleasant home to place herself at the institution of Kaiserwerth, in Prussia, in order to train herself for nursing the sick. Here, under the guidance of the Protestant Sisters of Charity engaged in the superintendence of a large model hospital, she performed her novitiate; employing herself practically in tending the sick, in witnessing and assisting at operations, and in going through a course of medical

study to enable her to pass an examination of no ordinary strictness. Her knowledge of German and Latin and general power of thought enabled her to conquer all difficulties, and it was said of her by those who were her judges, that few women had ever been so thoroughly possessed of the requisite knowledge. In the Kaiserwerth institution, although of a partly religious character, yet no oaths of seclusion are taken, and the sisters who thus devote themselves to the nursing of the sick surrender their liberty to the directors of the community only with reference to the practical advantages of submission and obedience. A branch establishment, conducted on the same principles and superintended by sisters principally from Kaiserwerth, is known in England under the name of the German Hospital, at Dalston, near London. On her return to England, and on looking round for the most useful sphere in which to exercise her now matured experience, Florence Nightingale found that the establishment called the Ladies' Hospital, in Harley-street, which had been founded especially for the reception of invalid ladies of small fortune, was in a lingering state for the want of assistance and good management. She at once undertook in it the office of matron, and in a very short time raised it to a condition of efficiency and great usefulness. To attain this her exertions were unwearied, and she not only applied to it the whole of her time and energies, but forsook every claim which her fortune and position in society might have otherwise made on her. Fashionable society, the pleasures of literature, art, music—all were resigned in the furtherance of her purpose; and this by one whose highly cultivated mind and faculties, quickened to an intense appreciation of all that is beautiful and perfect, rendered the sacrifice only the greater. In a plain yet unpretending costume she might be seen in that old house in Harley-street, bending at night over the couch of some suffering invalid, administering the prescribed medicine, smoothing the pillow, supplying little expedients for comfort, or tenderly soothing the irritable mourner—by day occupied with all the domestic details of a large establishment, inquiring into the symptoms of patients, consulting



with medical men on each particular case, and attending to instructions from them, with table covered with prescriptions, letters of application, &c.

This was her life when the breaking out of the war with Russia opened to her a yet wider sphere of usefulness. When the need was deeply felt of sending out an efficient staff of nurses to assist in the care of the sick and wounded, it fortunately happened that the capabilities and acquirements—the fitness, in fact, of Florence Nightingale for taking the lead in the enterprise, was known to some members of the Government who had the power of appointment in their hands. She was asked to undertake the office of superintendent of the nursing department in the Eastern hospitals, and with little hesitation consented. Accompanied by a large party of paid nurses and lady volunteers selected by her, she proceeded to Scutari, and arrived there at the moment when the disorder and mismanagement in the large hospital there had reached its height; while the sick and wounded were constantly pouring in from the Crimea. Our papers at that time were filled with heart-rending accounts of the horrors which resulted not merely from the inevitable consequences of the war, but also from the inadequate means at hand in the hospitals for the relief of the sufferers who came down in ship-loads after each bloody engagement. We read of the filth and want of every comfort in the transports which conveyed them from Balaklava to Scutari; of the difficulty in landing the diseased and maimed; of the want of beds, linen, medical stores; of the incapacity of officers; of their absurd adherence to routine and military formalities in the presence of urgent and pressing necessities; and into this chaos of mismanagement and disaster Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses, with a fresh staff of medical officers, had to restore order, decency and comfort. They succeeded in doing this, and, as the result shewed, even more than this; for at the close of the war it was seen that not merely the bodily wants of thousands of our fellow-countrymen were attended to by these good women, but that a high moral influence resulted from their labours. An Irish soldier, in giving his rough testi-

mony to what had been done by Florence Nightingale in the hospital at Scutari, said—"Before she came there was nothing but *cussing* and swearing, but afterwards the place was as *holy as a church*." In addition to the surgical and medical care which the sick and wounded soldier now received, came a thousand comforts and alleviations around his bed from the hands of tender and sympathizing women. Refreshing drinks and nourishing delicacies administered at all hours of the day and night when needed by the patient; care for his bodily ailments and sympathy with his thoughts and feelings as they wandered to home and wife and children or aged parents;—all this helped to check the roughness and soften the manners of the soldier, and make his best feelings prevail over his worst habits. He was full of grateful reverence for her who was doing so much for him. As she went her rounds, through the *miles* of hospital wards filled with the sick and dying, "she had a word and a smile, now for this one and now for that; and as she could not speak to us all, we would kiss her shadow as it fell upon our beds," said one of her grateful patients, with the true poetry of nature in his untaught heart. Over refractory and unaccommodating and jealous officials, Florence Nightingale won like victories by her gentleness and firmness. She refused to be restricted by rules and routine when suffering was to be alleviated and pressing wants supplied. When the sick and wounded just landed from the Crimea were lying on the bare ground for want of beds, she would take no refusal from the store-keeper who had them in reserve, but who hesitated to give them out without an official order presented in some particular form. While he stood by, keys in hand, not venturing to open his storehouse, she summoned attendants and bade them break open the doors and take out the required bed and bedding! And the government and people of England applauded her judicious daring. When, too, the stores of the hospital as supplied by Government were insufficient for the wants of the overwhelming numbers which came down to be tended, it was with wise confidence in the justifiability of the step that Miss Nightingale had recourse to the gentleman who was



entrusted by the *Times* newspaper to expend a large sum of money raised by the public in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers. From him at a time of great need, and before the Government at home was aware of the wants of the hospital, she obtained all that was required for the sufferers and for the cleansing and purifying and better organization of the hospital. It is only needed to read the list of things thus furnished to Miss Nightingale by the *Times* almoner, to see how practical and thorough was the revolution she effected in the household economy of that vast building. The brooms, mops, pails, scrubbing brushes, dusters, towels, basins, jugs, dust-pans, sponges, &c. &c., to say nothing of the body linen, bedding, wine, arrowroot, sago, brandy, &c., obtained by this means, were distributed to the sufferers, and helped more than medicine in many cases towards their recovery. A fever, resulting perhaps from the crowded state of the hospitals and their original neglect, broke out and raged with such violence as to carry off hundreds daily. Day after day, and week after week, the mortality continued and spread in spite of all their efforts, and no power of the imagination can enable us to realize all that was endured by the sufferers, or those who humanely tended them and risked their own lives by the contact. From couch to couch of the dying, Florence Nightingale passed to murmur words of comfort to the departing spirit, no matter what had been the creed or manner of worship during life. She revered alike all religious faith, and respected even the superstitious observances which gave consolation and hope in Nature's last conflict.

After bringing the hospital at Scutari to a high state of efficiency and good management, Miss Nightingale passed over into the Crimea, and on the heights above Balaklava supplied a sort of camp hospital there with a staff of nurses and all the materials she had now at her disposal for comfort and order. She also took an active and influential part in many schemes which were set on foot for the improvement of the habits and morals of the soldier. She induced him to save; to refrain from spirit drinking; and encouraged him to read. Through her

hands passed large sums of money sent by the soldiers to their wives and families at home, and through her hands also passed the numerous books, tracts, and means of innocent amusement, supplied by the benevolent in England to those who were fighting their country's battles. We have numerous testimonies from the lips of soldiers, on their return, to the moral good effected by Florence Nightingale and her female companions; but we know not—we cannot measure, nor picture in thought, the good that may result from such influence to this and future generations. Florence Nightingale returned to England, rich in the avowal of all that human praise can bestow, and which must yet fall below, in her estimation, the mere sense of having performed well a high duty. She was personally honoured by her sovereign, and the people of England, anxious to shew their sense of her services, entrusted to her disposal a large sum of money, which was raised as a testimonial to her, but which she prefers to employ in founding and supporting an institution for the better training of nurses in connection with one of our hospitals. On all sides she was greeted with honour, love and respect; but returning to her own home, in strict privacy she shrunk from all kinds of public homage or distinction, and, in answering an address from the working men of our large northern towns, modestly passes sentence on herself in the simple words which she inscribed over the grave of one of her assistant nurses in the East, who fell a victim to her exertions, and says of herself, "She hath done what she could." What might not the world become if all could say this of themselves? S. W.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS & FRIENDS.

We pray our readers to excuse us asking them to commend our journal to families who as yet do not take it. Our aim in this enlargement and increased cost is to send out a *monthly* paper which may reach every Unitarian family in the three kingdoms, and be worth the price of eightpence a year. The introduction of the *CHRISTIAN FREEMAN* to more families we must leave with our friends. We promise to do our best to make it worthy of their good word everywhere.



## MY FIRST VISIT TO A UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

I AM an old man, upwards of seventy years of age, and I feel sure, as you are about to give a few articles in your paper on the beneficent influence of Unitarianism, your readers will bear with the little tale of my first visit to a Unitarian chapel. It is sometimes said that Unitarianism is a religion without a religious experience; so far as I am concerned, and I think many others, we can say it is the happiest experience of our lives. Now to my tale. A few years ago I was in utter ignorance of the simple and consoling truths of the Christian religion. In the early part of my life, and for many years, I was connected with a Trinitarian church. I can say, according to my light and opportunities then, I worshiped God in spirit and in truth, certainly not without fear, the necessary accompaniment of the popular views of the Divine character and government. I was never Calvinistic, yet my Arminianism at that time was not without the fear that hinders perfect love. Here allow me to say my life has been a chequered one of light and darkness, of joy and sorrow. I have much to be thankful for to my heavenly Father—much hereafter may be explained to me—much I now understand I once thought might remain in darkness for ever. After a time I left my native place, where I had lived for upwards of sixty years. I ceased to be a member of a Christian church, and a state of spiritual darkness came over me, I can now only think of with awe. I removed to a large town, a comparative stranger to all around me. I sought in the popular churches spiritual light and comfort, and found none. I felt a bereftness of God, and that horrible doctrine of a future eternal misery hung around me like a nightmare or death-spell, for in all the churches, less or more, this is regarded as one of the *levers* of Christian power. Sad, weary, and at times almost heart-broken, I thought of my future as one separate from the souls of my friends that had passed away, with a great gulf for ever between us. I came near to thinking that for some reason or other God had set his face against me, and cast me off for ever. For a few years the burden of this misery was mine, and

during that time it would take a volume to record my sorrow. God save all your readers from such experiences as I then knew!

One day passing along the street, I found myself in the front of a Unitarian chapel. A lecture was announced that evening on divine punishment, and I was induced from the topic to go in. I was at that time labouring under the impression that I was sure to be punished in an everlasting hell, and it was impossible therefore that I could sustain any harm from such a lecture. I certainly had little or no expectation of any good. This was the first time I had been within the doors of such a chapel. I cannot now express to God sufficiently my thankfulness that his providential hand ever led me thither. There I heard truths uttered, the Scriptures explained, a hope for the worst condition breathed, and a Saviour that can save, and will save to the uttermost, presented to me. From that time the film of darkness fell from my eyes and the feelings of despair were gradually taken from my understanding and heart, a softening influence and a better spirit came over me. I felt I had wronged God with hard thoughts; I had been my own enemy with my doubts and fears; that God was still good to me, though I had believed it not; and I saw his goodness in the humble fare of my own table, and though for many years I had neglected to read my Bible and pray to him, for under the impressions of which I had laboured it would have been like mockery to have thanked him for my being; but now once more I reached down my disused Bible, read its pages with a new interest, and bowed with thankfulness and sincerity of spirit before God. Since that time, I may say life has been invested with a new interest, such as I never before experienced. I had had the happy hours of a former religious experience, yet it was a happiness narrowed by contracted views of divine goodness—a light upon my lot, with an awful margin of darkness around it; but how different *now*! My confidence in God is not a confidence for myself alone; I look to Him as the equal and good Father of us all; and although I worship with my Unitarian brethren, I feel all men are my brothers, even those who condemn



me and cast out our name as evil. It is not a vision of my own future happiness so much as the future blessedness of all that comforts me now. This is a faith, a hope and a love I have attained to by the Unitarian doctrine, under the blessing of God. I can smile at the doubts expressed by orthodox churches of our salvation. This is salvation. We have the witness in this love to God and love to man within ourselves. And now, though I am an old man, I feel, like David, my youth is renewed like the eagle: on the sabbath I can sit with pleasure, and interest a class of little ones in the Sunday-school. I wish the Unitarian doctrine to run and be glorified among the people, for to me it has been the power of God unto salvation.

### THE UNKNOWN SHORE.

THE unknown shore, the unknown shore,  
I see it in my dreams;

And in my blissful waking hours

So beautiful it seems!

I fain would launch my earthly bark

Upon the open sea,

To reach the distant unknown shore,

So radiant to me.

O flower bedecked! O dew begemmed,

The wondrous, unknown shore!

And they who stand upon its banks,

Nor weep nor sorrow more.

Green pastures lie along the way;

The water by it flows;

The Saviour's flowers, pure lilies, grow

Beside the Sharon rose.

The yellow flood comes shimmering down,

Palm-trees are bathed in light;

Out from among the branches, flit

Strange birds, with plumage bright,

Silver, and white and gold.

Bird-notes are heard 'mid rustling leaves;

Harp-tones are floating o'er;

Seraphic song by seraph sung,

Echo on that fair shore.

I see no spectre on the shore;

The living God is there!

He beckons me with open hands,

He listens to my prayer.

O soul, go forth without a fear,

To find the unknown shore,

And all thy dread and all thy doubts,

Thy darkness, all are o'er.

### HURTING A CHILD'S HEART.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

"I DON'T expect anything of my children!"

The tone was fretful, with a quality of accusation. The face of the speaker wore an injured look.

A boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, sat reading. He moved uneasily, as if pain had disturbed him, but he did not lift his eyes from the page on which they were then resting.

"The harder a mother toils for her children, the less they care for her."

The boy moved again—almost with a start—as though the pain felt an instant before suddenly increased.

"All children are thankless!" So the speaker kept on, talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy.

"Not all," answered the friend. "I have a mother, and I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so."

"There are exceptions to all rules. And, besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart, indeed, into which she did no inspire love."

"Love begets love. That is the old, trite story, and as true to-day as it was a thousand years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless toward their parents—if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and treating them with neglect—the fault, in most cases, rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in children's eyes."

There followed this dead silence for some minutes. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this, and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

"Edward," said she, "I don't like boys in my bedroom. Go down stairs."

This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone of voice had changed considerably.

The boy arose without hesitation, and left the room.

"I don't think it is always good to talk before children," remarked the lad's mother, as soon as he had retired.



"A proper regard for our language and conduct before our children," was answered, "is a theory of the gravest consideration. They have keen instincts—their eyes are sharp—they read us and know us sometimes better than we do ourselves."

"They are sharp enough, I suppose, but not quite so sharp as all that," was answered. "I am not one of those that make children of much importance."

"Our estimation in the case will not alter the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children, so will they be to us. Love begets love, and kindness good-will. If we do not hurt them wantonly, they certainly will not, in turn, wound us by neglect."

"Hurt them wantonly! I am not sure that I get your meaning."

"They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions—tender to love, but hard or resentful to all unkindness. They are creatures of feeling rather than thought, not generally holding malice, but rarely losing the memory of pain from unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that, in a large number of cases, where children neglect parents in old age, the cause lies just here."

"All of which is simply vindictive," said the lad's mother, "and a poor compliment to human nature."

"Human nature does not often suffer unjustly through hard judgment," was answered. "But I am not offering an apology for her short-comings—only look after the cause. To prevent is better than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed. Is it not much the wiser course for us to make sure of our children's love in future by offering them love in the present?"

"You speak to me as if I did not love my children."

A crimson stain marked the woman's cheeks; there were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick, passionate temper.

"Every feeling has its sign," was calmly replied. "Love, anger, dislike—each expresses itself in a different way. And these signs every one knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Why is it that Edward feels that you do not love him?"

"Who says that he feels so?"

The mother started. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face.

"Must it not be that you withhold too often the signs of love?"

"I shall get angry at you if you talk to me any longer in this strain."

"No, my dear friend, you must not get angry at me. Too many sweet memories of the past are shared between us. Bear with me, now, as one who holds you in her heart. Shall I relate to you an incident that occurred in my house only yesterday? It is under the warrant of this incident that I have ventured on the plainness of speech which has disturbed you."

The red spots faded off from the mother's cheeks. The keen light vanished from her eyes.

"Go on," she said, her voice dropping down from its sharp key.

"Edward had called to see the children. We always like to have him come. He is never rude nor coarse in his manners, but gentlemanly in bearing beyond what is usually seen in lads of his age. I have more than once compared him with my oldest son, and each time wished that John resembled him in many things. The two boys were in the parlour alone. John, I am sorry to say, is not always to be trusted. He is over-curious, and apt to meddle with things that should be sacred from his touch. Recently he has become interested in insects, and has begun to collect and preserve them.

"There was a vase of wax flowers on the parlour mantle-piece, the ingenious maker of which had placed several imitations of moths and beetles among the leaves. The vase was covered with glass. John's new-formed interest in entomology had given a special attraction to these wax moths and beetles; and on this occasion he went so far as to lift the glass covering, that he might obtain a closer view. In venturing to do this, one of those accidents that so frequently happen with children and grown people, when they are not doing right, occurred. The glass shield slipped from John's hand, and cracked to pieces on the floor. The noise startled and excited me. I went hastily to the parlour and saw at a



glance the damage which had been done, and also comprehended the cause of the disaster. Edward looked pale and frightened—John flushed and grieved. Repentance and self-condemnation had come with the accident. Even through my indignation, which could not be stayed, I saw that. Hard words were struggling to come through my lips, but I repressed them. Experience warned me to keep silence till I could speak calmly and under the influence of reason.

"I stood for a few minutes looking at the shivered glass, and then, without trusting my lips to say anything, went out for the dust-pan and brush. I was glad that I had controlled myself. It is my experience that scolding almost always does harm; and even where it works correction of bad habits, I am certain that a different way would have been better. I was quite self-possessed when I returned. As I stooped to gather up the broken fragments of glass, John came close to me. I did not speak to nor look at him. Edward had drawn back to a distant part of the room. Silently the work of collecting the pieces of glass went on, John standing near me all the time. It was done, and I was about rising, when I felt his arm across my shoulder.

"I am so sorry," he said, in a penitent voice, laying his face down against mine, which I had turned toward him; 'it was wrong to touch it, I know, but I thought I would be so careful. I can't tell what made it slip out of my hand.'

"Accidents are almost sure to happen with us, my son," I answered gently, but seriously, 'when we are not doing what is just right. Let this disaster stand as a lesson for the future.'

"You shall take my money and buy a new case, dear mother," he answered, in a spirit of manly justice that was very grateful to my ears.

"If this little experience will make you more careful of doing right," I returned, 'none of us will very deeply regret the accident.'

"He put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I kissed him in return, and then went out, thanking God in my heart that he had helped me to self-con-

trol in a moment of trial, when passion would have hurt my boy.

"Not long afterward, I heard the boys talking together. Edward said: 'If it had been my mother, she would have scolded at me till I was mad enough to break everything in the house. Why did not your mother scold you?'

"Because she loves me, and knows that scolding would not make me half so sorry as I am.'

"I wish that my mother loved me," said Edward, in a tone of voice so sad and longing that it brought tears to my eyes."

The mother of Edward caught her breath at this. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak; but she repressed what was in her thoughts and kept silent.

"Of course your mother loves you," answered John." So the friend continued. "But Edward said, 'No, I am sure she does not love me.'

"Why do you say that?" questioned John.

"If she loved me, she would not be always scolding me and hurting me with hard words, no matter what I do. O, John, if I had such a mother as y<sup>e</sup> u, I would be the happiest boy alive! I would do anything for her!"

There was a silence for some time. It was broken by the friend, who said: "Forgive me for having told you this. The wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy. Forgive what may seem an exaltation of myself above you. He who knows my heart knows that in it there is no pride of superiority. He knows how weak I am, how often I fall short, how often passion gets the better of reason; how near it was to bearing me down yesterday. It was in His strength that I overcame, and helped my boy, instead of hurting him. In His strength you may overcome also, and win the love of a child whose heart is athirst for your love, as is the drooping flower athirst for dew and rain."

The mother of Edward bowed her face into her hands. For a little her whole body shook with half-choked sobs. Then she looked up at her friend. Her eyes were wet, her face pale, her lips curved with pain and grief.











## THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, BIRMINGHAM.

THIS month we have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a view of one of our seven Unitarian churches in Birmingham, the one presided over by the Rev. S. Bache. Next month we shall have an engraving of our church in Glasgow, and during the present year our readers may expect in our pages every month one engraving at least of our largest churches.

In 1860, the site of the New Meeting-house, Birmingham, having become unsuitable to the members, a large and influential congregation, they determined on the erection of a new place of worship in a more convenient place of the town. It was also agreed to call the new building the "Church of the Messiah." It is well situated in the great thoroughfare between Birmingham and Edgbaston. It is not built in an obscure corner, but stands out one of the most prominent, graceful and artistic sights in the main road. The spire is lofty and the entrance to the building rich. The interior is perfect in two important particulars, the transmission of light and sound. The cost of the building was about £12,000. The congregation has also added to the church large and airy schools. The Rev. Henry Enfield Dowson, B.A., is the junior pastor of this church.

It would be impossible in our small space to give even a tithe of the interesting reminiscences connected with the Church of the Messiah, formerly the New Meeting. During the last one hundred years it has more than once commanded the attention of our whole country. During the Church-and-King riots, at the time when Priestley's house and laboratory were destroyed, it was burnt down by the mob, in 1791. The Rev. S. Bache said, at the laying of the foundation of the new building, "Ours is indeed a noble spiritual ancestry. The list of those who have ministered in holy things to this congregation from its first establishment, exhibits names which we can never pronounce without an admiring and grateful reverence. Bourn and Blyth, Hawkes, Edwards and Toulmin,—these are venerable names of the good departed. The name of Priestley is now hailed by

the true and generous-hearted votaries of science as among the most famous of the benefactors of our race. And this name is sacred to our memories and hearts for far higher services still; for free inquiry into the evidences and truths of religion; for simplicity and purity of Christian doctrine, and for the practical application of Christian principles to the daily conduct of life." The Rev. John Kentish, minister from 1803 to 1853, is greatly revered by all who had the advantage of his acquaintance. His sound and accurate learning, his candour, piety and love, have embalmed his name.

A few weeks ago, a visitor at Birmingham sought out the place where the celebrated Dr. Priestley had preached. He could scarcely believe he stood on the same ground that had been consecrated by the labours of that great, good man, when he looked at the vestry turned into a confessional, saw the devotee of Roman Catholicism making his way into the New Meeting-house, and heard the strains of the mass service proceeding from the place. And he mused for a minute or two at the change—the ultra Protestantism of Priestley supplanted by the Papacy, in this very place. If Priestley could look on this, and on this only, his soul might properly be disturbed. The visitor was instantly reminded that, instead of this plain building being occupied by the former worshippers, they had erected a magnificent temple, and that at least seven Christian churches in Birmingham now worshipped as Priestley did, and promoted his views. The town from which he fled at the close of the last century to save his life, if he could now enter it, would offer him an ovation unequalled in its history. So we learn, notwithstanding the Roman Catholics possess the New Meeting-house, how little ought to be inferred even from that, and how improper it is to draw conclusions from half-truths or a limited view of some facts. The time has been when a mob could be excited to burn down a Unitarian church. Birmingham has seen that period, but shall see it no more.

"Evil comes and evil goes,  
But it moves us never;  
For the truth, the truth it grows,  
Buds and blossoms ever."



## LORD PALMERSTON.

## AN ORTHODOX PROBLEM.

SINCE the death of the late Premier, a discussion has been carried on in the pages of a few religious papers on the question, "Is he lost or saved?" His case is a very difficult one, viewed from the orthodox standard of salvation. If he had been able to give them the true sign of saving faith, independent of his life, they would have had no difficulty; but their doubts about his religious experience and a saving knowledge of the truth fill their minds with perplexity. True, he has made several appointments to the bench of bishops of a very orthodox character, and some of the journals think this may have had a proper influence upon his soul. Neither the doctrinal nor ritualistic party can claim him; the Broad Church speaks kindly of his life and hopefully of his future. Our sympathies are certainly in this direction, and we think it is a sad spectacle the discussion of the future happiness or misery of a man who has served his country so arduously, faithfully and well for sixty years; but it is the fruit of that unchristian doctrine, that a pure and useful life is not alone sufficient to warrant our hope. Among mankind in general, death destroys in the mind all the party and sectarian distinctions which obtain; the light that falls upon the memory of the dead is softened, and all unpleasant recollections are allowed to be forgotten. A new moral interest usually invests the character of the departed; this is the case among mankind as a rule. It is lamentable to see the theological partitions still kept up, and to hear of the doubts and fears of professedly Christian men after a soul has gone from our midst into the presence and judgment of God. We are not the defenders of Lord Palmerston's whole life, yet we would be ashamed to breathe any doubt of his happiness and reward, and would shrink from blaming the life of him who laboured so long and so well in the offices he filled. Let the men who doubt his acceptance with God do something better for our country, and win some greater victories for our race, before they rise in judgment to condemn the man who has lived so long and done so

much. We have all reason to rejoice in statesmen who devote all their time and powers to the public service. Through their labours we enjoy the blessings of protection and comfort. They frequently fill the eye of the nation, and it is not less true the nation's prosperity and honour fill their anxious breasts and have their constant and serious attention. It is a poor reward, after their decease, to have men uttering their fears about their salvation. We have thought proper to introduce our brief sketch of Lord Palmerston's eventful and useful life by these remarks, and would add, it is by far a juster criterion the deeds of a man's career than the creed he pronounces on the sabbath-day.

About ninety years ago, the father of Lord Palmerston was riding along the streets of Dublin. He was thrown from his horse and very dangerously injured. He was carried into a hatter's house, and was too ill to be removed for several weeks. The hatter's daughter nursed with greatest care the injured peer, Viscount Palmerston, and after his recovery she became his wife. The late Premier was the son of the hatter's daughter. Born in 1784, and died in 1865, what a life of historical interest, and what a prominent part he has taken in the most thrilling parts of this period of history! He lived contemporary with Washington, the first President of the United States, and with Lincoln. He was Secretary of War in the time of the great Napoleon, and Premier of England at the Jubilee celebrations. The bridge of history over which he came, and helped by his own hands to rear arch after arch, spans a great chasm on our nation's life. The invention of the rail, and the discovery of the telegraph, and the linking of nations by steam and by lightning and free trade, all belong to his period. In our own nation we have spanned the distance between tyranny and freedom, between poverty and plenty, during his political history. He took an active part in the abolition of the slave-trade and colonial slavery. He lived to see his prophecy fulfilled regarding the extinction of the slave-trade in America. "I think that the time may yet come, and at no distant period, when a different feeling will prevail in the United States, and when their



Government and the people of the country will consider it more an honour to unite with the other powers of Christendom in putting down this abominable traffic, than to stand out on a mere question of etiquette, especially when the arrangement will be such as entirely to save every point of national honour." He took a lively interest in Roman Catholic emancipation, and said at the close of the justice done to the Roman Catholic: "The labours of the present session will link together two classes of the community which have too long been discovered; they will form in history the true mark which is to divide the shadow of morning twilight from the brilliant effulgence of the risen sun; they will form a monument—not of the crime or ambition of man—not of the misfortunes or the convulsions of society—but of the calm and deliberate operation of Benevolent Wisdom watching the good of the human race. And we ought to be proud that our hands are to be employed in a measure which will pass down to the latest posterity as an object of their respect, gratitude and admiration." The cheap penny postage, which joins together distant families and so greatly aids to cement heart to heart over our country, was supported and helped through the House by the subject of our memoir. We are far from giving him the palm of origin to these benevolent schemes, but it is something in a statesman's history when he helps to make these things law and a common blessing. On the question of university reform, which widens the channels of usefulness in those great national institutions, he took an interest long ago, and said on debarring Dissenters: "This, then, is unquestionably a great grievance towards the Dissenters, that they should not be permitted to take degrees; but it is a still more severe hardship as far as the public are concerned, because it checks the supply of persons qualified to discharge those functions to which they are called, to the service of the community. But the injury to the Dissenter can be measured, as far as it is possible to measure the sufferings of a wounded spirit, irritated by undeserved mortification. The injury to the public cannot be measured, because we cannot know the amount of talent divert-

ed from its proper application, and of genius quenched without being allowed to shine in its natural career." At a very early stage of his political career, he was the warm advocate of free-trade with other nations. He was the friend of free commerce when he was rebuffed by protectionists and when it was generally scorned and denounced in high circles. He lived to aid all the plans of Cobden and Bright and the free-trade party. He has been, and we think properly, censured for his tardy step and hesitating tone on the question of the suffrage among our people. We ought not to forget he was one of the firmest and best advocates of the first Reform Bill, and part of the language he used then against the opponents of Reform might with some truth have been used in late years against himself. In 1831, he said: "So hard, indeed, is it to bring this nation to consent to great and important changes, that some of those measures which impartial posterity will stamp with the mint-mark of purest wisdom and most unalloyed good, have only been wrung from the reluctant consent of England after long and toilsome years of protracted discussion;" and, quoting the words of Canning, "They who resist improvement because it is innovation, may find themselves compelled to accept innovation when it has ceased to be improvement." We confess, in this matter of reform, he was to blame in late years. He was at times reluctant to bend, so are the most of old people, yet we think he sustained his family motto, "*Flecti non frangi*"—to be bent, not broken. Who among us can deny an interest and usefulness to a career so full of change in the right direction in our country?

We shall now glance at one or two of the praiseworthy traits of his character. He was a man of great energy and *incessant industry*. When a boy at school, a young man at college, and a statesman at the head of affairs, there was the same continuous toil. Sir W. Hamilton was indebted to Palmerston for the account he gives of Dugald Stewart's lectures, his notes were so complete. When he was blamed in the House for his activity, he replied, "Why, sir, the interests of England encircle the globe—the sun never sets upon the interests of this coun-



try; and the individual whose duty it is to watch over the foreign relations of this country, would not be worthy of his position if his activity were not commensurate with the extensive range of the great interests that require his attention." Another of his commendable features was his faithfulness and firm attachment to the subordinate servants of the Government and his colleagues. His was not a kind of fast-and-loose connection. Some men are always willing to lay the blame of any mishap or censurable course on the back of others. Palmerston stood firm to the officers of the State. In the case of Sir J. Bowring, Stansfeld, and many others, he was willing to go to the vote and lay down in their defence his position of responsibility and honour. This honourable trait in his life very beautifully contrasts with the too easy way some men have of seeking to get free from unpopular neighbour or companion. He was not slow, we may add, to appreciate the services of good men, from whatever station of life or circle of society they sprung. He was disposed at all times to take a generous view of human nature, and believed and said that under better conditions and incentives the worst criminals might be reformed. The "ticket-of-leave" system was promoted under his government, and indicated a mind not of fear, but of a generous willingness to try even a dangerous experiment for the good of the lowest of the low. All through his life he proved a man of matchless courage, spirit and resolution, in every office he filled. When the late Emperor of Russia was exercising too much scruple about the kind of ambassador to his court, preferring men of despotic tendencies, Lord Palmerston sent him the radical Lord Durham to teach him a salutary lesson. In the hour of danger he was not timid and wavering, but firm and heroic. We may add to these manly qualities the Christian virtue of forgiveness. He was always among the first of men to forget and forgive even the most abusive and rancorous of his opponents; willing to be reconciled and cordial after battle with the antagonists he encountered. He was willing to take into his friendship and exalt to office able men, however they might have

opposed or abused him in former years. Might we not just now ask those who think the Divine Governor of the universe may have condemned the late Premier because of some intellectual or other error, and condemned him for ever, how unfavourably their view of God contrasts with the character of even an imperfect man, whom they make the subject of their discussion, who could and did frankly forgive all his enemies? Their standard of salvation will not bear a moment's examination or comparison with the justice or generosity of human life.

We saw Lord Palmerston a short time before he died, upon his feet for nearly two hours, handing prizes to working men for their industry and skill, and addressing them in the most kind and cheering language. At that meeting, we well recollect, he was much more humble in his attitude and kind in his words and feelings, though the foremost statesman of the world and the First Minister of the Queen, than many of the poor who were assembled to receive a little gift from his hands. He told them he was old, yet a hard-working man as well as they were. He urged upon the rich and the employers of labour, at one of those meetings, to treat the employed kindly and to see to their comfort. He said he did so himself, and found it the best course for both parties. The poor man's child in this country, if well educated, could rise to the highest office of State, and he urged upon the poor the education of their children for many sound reasons. "Impressions made in early life we all know are lasting; and there are no impressions that go deeper into the mind of a child than those which he receives from his parents in his tender years. Bend the twig as you like, and so the tree will grow. Probably those who are employed out of doors all day long have fewer opportunities than others of attending to the instruction of their children. But you all of you have moments which you can devote to that purpose; and you should not omit any opportunity which family intercourse affords you to impress strongly upon your children the distinction between right and wrong. You may be sure that if you duly attend to the moral and religious instruction of the family that surrounds



you, you will find them grow up to be an honour to themselves, and a comfort to you to the latest days of your life."

We conclude the imperfect sketch of Palmerston's life by saying, it is a pitiable state of religious sentiment among many of our Christian churches, and of hope in the future happiness of our race, that can discuss the peace and blessedness of a man who has toiled in the interest of humanity so long and so well, though he may not have accepted the orthodox notions of salvation. "He rests from his labour, and his works do follow him."

### THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.

THERE was once a mother and a child, and the mother loved this, her only child, with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, who lay on its sick bed even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched, and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief: she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, three long days and three long nights without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat, overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke, "O, dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave and no joy in heaven. Therefore, O, dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions." It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in heaven.—*Thorpe's Yuletide Stories.*

### THE DURATION OF LIFE.

#### VITAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

AT this season of the year more than usual attention is addressed to the duration of life. At merry Christmas and New-Year's time we think of those who are gone from our side, and wonder if we shall be among the living after another year. The subject of life, its average duration and other relative thoughts, spring up in the mind. We propose in this paper to lay before our readers several facts on this subject. It is a duty which belongs to our happiness and the well-being of society to prolong to its greatest possible span our present life. The lives of old people are sometimes thought to be useless, because unremunerative in the toil for bread. But we ought not to forget that whatever gives society a greater proportion of mature and aged persons, gives at the same time a greater wisdom and experience to society which far outweigh in value the mere productions of the hand. Youth needs the gravity and mature thoughts of age to check some passions and to counsel against many ill-advised and premature schemes. Therefore we contend the promotion of longevity is the promotion of wisdom, civilization and the best interests of our race.

Let us try to discover from the different social positions and habits of the people, some of the laws which affect the duration of life. In the treatment of our subject we must lay accidental causes and their results entirely aside—as, for instance, in the lives of soldiers or of sovereigns, the slain or the assassinated are not to be taken into account, and so in other professions what we may call accidental deaths.

The average age of sovereigns is found to be 57 years; of persons belonging to the peerage, 60; and the duration of life among the English gentry, 61. A somewhat different result is found when they are classed as members of royal houses, 68. The aristocracy in general, 71. The average duration of the clergy is 69. Men of trade and commerce, 68. Officers of the army and navy, 68. Lawyers, 68. Literary and scientific men and members of the medical profession, 67. Artists, 65. Among the fine arts, the



profession that implies the most sedentary labour, engraving, yields the lowest average. The painter, or picture-maker, has a slight advantage; engineers, architects and surveyors, who have necessarily much out-door exercise, stand considerably higher in the tables. Musicians take rank with the last class; vocalists and actors much the same as painters and engravers.

The tables on the duration of human life shew that the pursuits of literature are favourable to a long life, but destructive to life to those who begin in early periods.

It is a remarkable thing that of the class of men who may be called mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, natural philosophers and naturalists, in a group of one hundred names, there is no great difference in the duration of their life. As a class, poets are found to be far below the average in the duration of life. Our nine principal poets average only 42 years. In taking the whole of those averages we necessarily exclude all of very early death, for the mortality among children is very great. The whole population average far below the figures we have given, but these are the averages of persons of those professions who may be said to have come to maturity. The rate of mortality among the children of the gentry and professional class of this country, between birth and five years of age, is only 1 in 5, while it is 1 in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  among all other classes. After that period, it is much more equal among families of different social positions.

It is also worthy of note that high professional distinction, as a rule, is only attained by a sacrifice of health and vigour, leading to some curtailment of life. The average of the more distinguished men, compared with the less, is as 66 to 68; the less distinguished having the advantage by two years. Now when we come to survey the operative class, there is much to instruct us and affect us with kindly feelings. We sometimes speak of our freedom won on fields of blood; are not many of the principal articles and arts of our civilization produced by much suffering and loss of life? The very clothing that keeps us warm is, in its preparation for our use, a source of much disease to the factory operative;

chest, stomach, skin and bowel complaints are very common among these people. The books we read, while in the hands of the printer, shorten his life. Compositors, as a rule, are men who do not live long. Thackeray perhaps overshoots his mark when he says, "We can scarcely hear of or find any compositor above the age of 50 years." In our homes, the beautifully painted room and all the colours we enjoy are more or less there by the sacrifice of life. The manufacture of colours is pernicious. Painters and plumbers, too, are short-lived operatives. When we look upon some great public work, and are told that in the erection or completion so many wives have lost husbands, and so many children are left fatherless by that lofty pile, the light is softened and our feelings mellowed by such information. The injurious effects on health of many trades is known from the fact that the gentry live ten years longer than the artisan class. As a rule, the tradesman lives on an average about one year longer than the working man, the average longevity being as 50 is to 49. On the other hand, the life of a tradesman is a little shorter on the whole than the out-door labourer. Both classes are at present exposed to baneful influences which may be entirely removed, and their longevity therefore greatly increased. The average national mortality is 17 in 1000, and under more favourable auspices the death-rate may still be decreased. In the 16th century, the average longevity of the people of London was 20 years, the death-rate then 50 in 1000 annually; now it is 22 per 1000, or 5 over the average, and this is being reduced.

It is painful to find that among clerks, that very large body of useful men, to which calling so many of the poor are always anxious to send their children, their longevity is very low, as a class being 13 years below the labouring class. The life of a labouring man in the rural districts is greater by three years than any other class of operatives. The life of the labouring man in cities and manufactories is lower than the general class of operatives.

It has been ascertained that considerable exertion in-doors has the tendency to preserve health when compared with



the sedentary employments generally followed there; as an illustration, the pressmen, who have considerable exercise, are on the whole healthier than the compositors employed in the same room. As a rule, sedentary employments are the most pernicious to health with little physical exercise. Out-door employments of hard toil and unremitting labour are also injurious. Listlessness rusts out; excessive labour rubs out.

The comparative life of married and single persons is in favour of the married. A married man lives five years longer than the single on an average, and men who attain to great ages are usually the married.

From these vital statistics can we not infer many important social and moral facts? In doing this we shall not trust to fancies and unfounded inferences, but endeavour to keep in strict harmony with the deductions of the most able and thoughtful statisticians. The average age at death is lowest where there is least exertion, and greatest where moderate exercise is implied in the calling.

A portion of the difference between the rates of mortality in towns and in rural districts, is probably consequent upon increased mental excitement. But the principal causes are believed to be—(1), a less pure atmosphere; (2), less exercise in the open air; (3), a richer and more stimulating diet; (4), and a greater use of intoxicating drinks. These causes are happily capable of considerable modification and control, and the population of our towns, when they become awake to their vital interests, these evils, with their fatal consequences, cannot fail to be diminished. The reason why the gentry of our country live longer than the working man, may partly be found in the fact, not in their employments so much, as that the one has more and better food, more spacious and airy rooms, and more healthy places of habitation.

Sedentary employments are unfavourable to health in the many, but favourable to longevity in the few. On the other hand, employments requiring greater exertion are favourable to youth and manhood, but unfavourable to old age. It is therefore necessary that one class should be attracted to exercise and the other saved from unremitting toil.

Public parks and gardens may lessen the evils of one class, and machinery lessen the evils of the other.

A life of luxury is found to be a most serious drawback on longevity. It is a law of our nature we cannot violate with impunity, that too little employment and out-door exercise, and too much food and in-door enjoyment, are destroyers of health and life. The other extreme, of too little food and too much labour, effects the same sad end.

We must seek to breathe pure air, to live on sound diet, to keep free from defilement and vice, and to exercise both mind and body in a moderate and proper manner, and results the most desirable will ultimately follow. We cannot conclude this paper better than in the words of an able physician.

“The average duration of life of men in civilized society is about thirty-three and a third years. This is called a generation, making three in a century. But there are certain localities and certain communities of people where this average is considerably extended. The mountaineer lives longer than the lowlander, the farmer than the artizan, the traveller than the sedentary, the temperate than the self-indulgent, the just than the dishonest. ‘The wicked shall not live out half his days,’ is the announcement of Divinity. The philosophy of this is found in the fact that the moral character has a strong power over the physical—a power much more controlling than is generally imagined. The true man conducts himself in the light of Bible precepts; is ‘temperate in all things;’ is ‘slow to anger;’ and on his grave is written, ‘He went about doing good.’ In these three things are the great elements of human health—the restraint of the appetites; the control of the passions; and that highest type of physical exercise, ‘going about doing good.’ It is said of the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Joseph J. Gurney, that the labour and pains he took to go and see personally the objects of his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be unworthily bestowed, was of itself almost the labour of one man, and he attended to his immense banking business besides; in fact, he did too much, and died at sixty. The average of life of ‘Friends,’ in Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1860,



was nearly fifty-six years, nearly double the average life of other people. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practise for themselves, and to inculcate it upon their children day by day, that simplicity of habit, that quietness of demeanour, that restraint of temper, that control of the appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic and even mode of life which 'Friends' discipline inculcates, and which are demonstrably the means of so largely increasing the average of human existence.

"Reasoning from the analogy of the animal creation, mankind should live nearly one hundred years, that law seeming to be that life should be five times the length of the period of growth: at least, the general observation is, that the longer persons are growing, the longer they will live, other things being equal. Naturalists say:

A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8
An ox " " 4 " " 16
A horse " " 5 " " 25
A camel, " " 8 " " 40
Man " " 20 " should live 100

"But the sad fact is, that only one man for every thousand reaches one hundred years. Still it is encouraging to know that the science of life, as revealed by the investigations of the physiologist and the teachings of educated medical men, is steadily extending the period of human existence.

"The distinguished historian Macaulay states that, in 1685, one person in twenty died each year; in 1850, out of forty persons, only one died. Dupin says that from 1776 to 1843, the duration of life in France increased fifty-two days annually; for in 1731 the mortality was one in twenty-nine; in 1843, one in forty. The rich men in France live forty-two years on an average; the poor, only thirty. Those who are 'well to-do in the world' live about eleven years longer than those who have to work from day to day for a living. Remunerative labour and the diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of life among the masses, with temperance and thrift, are the great means of adding to human health and life; but the more important ingredient, happiness, is only to be found in daily loving, obeying and serving Him, 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.'"

### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A SHIP, laden with passengers, was crossing the wide ocean, bound to a far distant land. Tossed about for many days and nights, the plaything of winds and waves, her way was long and tedious; and at length, the gales subsiding, she found herself becalmed, far, far from her destination.

But not far from where she lay motionless, her canvas flapping languidly against her masts, an island was in sight, a welcome spectacle to eyes weary of seeing nothing for many a day and night but the wide, wide sea.

It was a beautiful island. Stately trees laden with fruit, fair to look upon, and pleasant to the taste, rose majestically on the terraced hills; brooks and rivulets flowed with gentle murmur through the fertile valleys; shady groves resounded with the melody of feathered songsters uttering sweetest music; flowers and fruits hung in grand clusters, delighting sight and taste; and, yet more wonderful, gems of dazzling brilliancy lay gleaming on the shore,—a jewelled necklace to the favoured isle.

The passengers crowded on deck, straining their eyes to catch every detail of the splendored landscape. Every one longed to go ashore. Then arose a din of busy tongues, some admiring, others wishing; some admonishing, others commanding; some imploring, others refusing; some praising, others rebuking. Opinions were much divided. Should they stop on board and await the favourable breeze, which might spring up at any moment? or should they go ashore just for a little while, and so perhaps lose the chance of sailing rapidly to their journey's end?

Friends and relatives were there,—all with a common interest,—the good ship's welfare and her successful voyage; but friends and relatives disagreed, and in the end each acted as he pleased. And so the passengers grouped themselves into five distinct classes.

One class preferred remaining on board, in the hope that a breeze would soon spring up, and enable them to be quickly carried to their journey's end. They longed to visit the lovely island, and to enjoy its endless beauties; but they thought of the happiness which they



fondly hoped was in store for them when they should arrive at their destination. "We know not when the breeze may spring up," they argued. "We came not on board to jump at every fleeting pleasure. We will not risk the success of our voyage for the sake of the happiness of the moment."

Another class ventured to push for the shore. They trod the dry land with delight. It was like the release from a prison, after the long confinement to the crowded ship, to walk upon the velvet sward without restraint or boundary. It was a new delight, after the ship's coarse fare, to pluck the luscious fruits, and slake their appetite with food that charmed the taste. It was a grand delight to cast their weary eyes over so fair a landscape, which seemed to their astonished gaze a scene from dream-land. But all these pleasures they enjoyed with moderation and self-control; and they soon returned to their floating home with renewed vigour, improved in body and mind by the beautiful scenes they had beheld, and the sweet pleasures they had tasted. They returned in good time; for the trusty ship still lay motionless on the calm sea.

A third class, who had gone ashore with the second, had not so exercised their self-control, but lingered long and thoughtlessly over the enjoyments afforded by the island, and became absorbed in its pleasures and delights, until the shrill whistle of the boatswain announced that a breeze had sprung up. In the distance they saw the sails curve to the rising wind; they heard the click of the capstan as it dragged the heavy anchor from its sandy bed. Hurriedly they embarked; they rowed with might and main; and just in time, though late, they reached the ship; but they found their berths had been shifted—many of their fellow-passengers had taken their places; it took some time for the late comers to settle down into anything like a state of comfort.

A fourth class there was, which had immediately followed the second and third on their visit to the island. With greedy eyes they glanced at the fruit, as it hung invitingly on the trees, and still more greedily on the sheen of the costly gems that lay scattered in rich profusion

on the sandy shore. The desire to pluck and to gather became a burning passion. The heart longed for all that the eyes saw. This fragrant rose, that tear-like pearl, this luscious fruit, that glittering gold, charmed the senses and riveted the thought. To acquire these, and a hundred treasures besides, was their sole aim.

At length the whistle of the boatswain sounded, but it was unheeded;—the shouts of their fellow-passengers might have been heard, but they were disregarded. "Time enough," they say, "when the ship moves." But as they speak, the ship moves—now slowly, then with quickening pace,—anon, faster yet; and lo, she is perceptibly receding from the shore, further and further every moment. Then the loiterers, in dread alarm, throw themselves and their treasures into the sea; the billows surge and wash over them; the treasure is lost, washed away; its owners swim for their lives. Dashed, bruised and exhausted near unto death, they at length reach the ship, broken in spirit as in body,—they scramble up the ship's sides, and are glad to hide themselves in the darkest corners, where no one could look upon them and spurn them. Yet they had reached the ship, and she bore them along bravely o'er the seas to their destination.

And what of the fifth class? O, sad to relate! This class had gone far into the interior of the island, revelling in every intoxicating pleasure, making the island echo with their mad shouts, frightening the very brutes with their fantastic tricks, scaring the very birds with their unearthly noises. Their steps might be tracked by the flowers and fruit that they had wantonly plucked, crushed and scattered; and piles of precious stones lay here and there in heaps, evidently ransacked from every nook and corner to gratify their covetousness, piled up to be carried off by and by.

And when the passion for pleasure and for gain had been riotously abused, and neither pleasure nor gain delighted them more—when the very capacity for enjoyment had been ruthlessly blotted out from their senses,—then, crawling with sluggish pace, their weary, palsied limbs carried them to the sea-shore. But the ship—where was the ship? Alas! she had sailed long since. And so they



sat hopelessly, wistfully looking across the broad expanse of waters, hoping against hope for a glimpse of the sail which was never to appear. And as they wept and groaned, the screech of the sea-gull mocked their moans; and the island, once to them so fair, lost little by little its sweet delights. They had landed there in summer's prime, in the meridian of its beauty; and anon, the cold blast of winter chilled the sap in the trees, the fruit and the flowers faded, and the purling streams danced no more in the radiance of the sun; the waters were frozen.

Bleak and dreary was the island prospect now. But bleaker and more dreary still was the remorse of those perishing ones. O! how terrible was their anguish! for they had despised the advice and admonitions of their friends; they had called them fools and cowards, mean-spirited and craven-hearted dotards; they had closed their ears to the boatswain's call; they had shut their eyes to the signal flying at the mainmast; they had turned their backs on the receding ship; they had mocked and derided their companions. And now all was winter,—winter within, and winter without;—they had not the wherewith to live, and were afraid of death. It had such terrors for them; they had no hope of succour.

Prostrate and powerless, some sank down to die miserably a slow death, and others were more speedily devoured by the wild beasts of the island forest; and their bones yet lie bleaching on the island, to warn and admonish all who elect to follow the lower impulses of their baser passions.

\* \* \* \*

How like a ship is man in this world! A noble vessel, fashioned by God Himself to traverse the small sea of life, setting out from the shore of birth to the haven of Eternity. Brave ship! how beautifully modelled! what delicacy of outline! what fine proportions! how exquisite the spars! how well-tempered the studding sails! how well fitted to the ends proposed! what capacity to contain every necessary appliance for the voyage! How well furnished with food for the whole time of the passage! How complete the grapplings, how secure the coils of rope, how perfect the anchor, how exact the chart!

Yes, mankind is the ship, and life is the ocean, and sensual pleasure the enchanting islet in the midst of the ocean of life. The ship has also his living freight,—the five classes who set sail from the one shore,—the shore of birth, —to the other,—the haven of Eternity. And in this short passage, how changeable the weather and how varied the climate! Now tempest, now calm —now storm, now sunshine. Here a beetling rock, there a treacherous quicksand; and alas, from the carelessness of the mariners and the thoughtlessness of the passengers, the sea is filled with wrecks; many a goodly barque founders in the storms, and many a richly-laden vessel sinks for ever, lost beneath the raging billows!

But the storms claim not so large a prey as the uncertain, dangerous and delusive calms. The ship makes head against wave and wind, bravely breasting dangers and obstacles; but the lull, the calm—when the wind slumbers, and the troubled seas are converted into a glassy lake, and the spicy groves of the Island of Enchantment waft the perfumes and make the air that surrounds the ship balmy and delicious, and every opening flower exhales a perfumed breath,—and the golden fruits distil their tempting draughts,—then the ship's passengers, so enticed, range into five parties. The one class, the few, prefer remaining on the ship. The sinful pleasures of the world, the enchanted isle, its allurements and seductions, entice them not from the vessel; they keep intent upon the object of the voyage, the port of Heaven. The soul, intent upon its mission, sees the world and its charms, but prefers its own great destiny. What if while setting foot upon the fair island, and partaking of its joys, the ship should sail and the voyager should go to the "bourne from which no traveller returns," and this in the midst of a worldly life, while basking in the sunshine of pleasure. Better remain and keep the thoughts on the one object. Thus the few, the pure, who have the power so to regard the high purpose of their being—to perfect their moral and spiritual natures,—who never withdraw their minds from the contemplation of heaven.

The second class are tempted to taste and take a glance at the pleasures and



temptations which the island presents, but they stay not long—their better judgment prevails; they return to the ship, to the higher purpose of their being, and they return with but little loss to their former berths, their own right mental condition.

The third class, alas! they linger long in the pursuit of worldliness, until the boatswain's whistle, the croaking voice of old age, reminds them that the ship is preparing for its onward voyage; the better nature, though put forth late, yet comes in time, and they return to their true selves—the real object of life comes up before them, and though returning they find not their places, their rank among the virtuous as before, but still, return they do—thanks to the boatswain's call.

And the fourth class, who have lingered still longer, who heard the boatswain's call, who saw the ship recede, and rushed in desperate haste and affright to gain the secure berth they had left? Alas! they had waited long and had but little time, and they reached the ship but just in time, torn, mangled and disfigured by many sins and scarred by the tempest-tossed billows of evil passions; and their sinful pleasures, their unholy gains, their worldly spoils—all were lost, cast away. For they could not take the latter with them, and in the agony of remorse, the former were forgotten. They, while enjoying, had said, "Time enough." The boatswain called—old age sounded his whistle, the pennant trembled at the mast, the eyes became dim, and the steps tottered, and the hair turned grey, and the helplessness of a second childhood ensued—all, all had told that the ship was about to sail—and it was only the *last* illness that recalled them.

But, alas! the fifth class go far up the enchanted isle, and reel in the intoxication of pleasure. With no sense of shame, no feeling of remorse, no desire to return, they shut eyes and ears to every admonition. What is religion, what virtue, what is truth to them? They blunt their every sense of the pure; to them the beautiful is ugly, the sublime hideous; by them hip and voyage and the once longed-for destination are alike forgotten.

But when the wintry old age arrives, when the pleasures pall, and the summer's joys (by their abuse converted into deadly poisons) fade and fall—then they think of the ship, and the voyage, and the destination long ago reached by their more prudent companions; but no ship is to be seen, no voyage is possible; the journey's end can never be attained. So, hopeless and desperate, they erase every noble sentiment from their hearts—past and future are a blank—and in this dreary winter, when their very natures are congealed and ice-bound, then their own dread forebodings devour them; their tortures consume them; or they die—sink into the grave prayerless, hopeless, neither asking nor expecting mercy.

#### FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

To be good is to be happy,

Happy all the live-long day;—

Whether in the shade or sunshine,

When at sleep or when at play.

Children bad are never happy,

Full of trouble is their life,

And they often grow to be

Men or women filled with strife.

Bad young boys and girls are found

Slighting counsel from a friend:

Then they stand on treacherous ground;

Oh that they could see the end!

Everybody loves good children,

Those who truthful are and kind,

Those who are not cross or selfish,

But of generous, loving mind.

God and holy angels view you,

As the paths of life you read,

And shed smiles of sweet approval

On the good child's faithful head.

Shun the path of disobedience,

Sad way by the wicked trod;

And you'll feel the sweet approval

Of your conscience, friends and God.

Jesus once blessed little children,

Pray that he may bless you too,

Bringing you unto the kingdom

Which he likened unto you.

And when life on earth is over,

May you calmly go to rest,

Knowing God will send his angels,

You to gather to his breast.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**MARVELS OF MEMORY.**—Some examples of the feats of memory would be rejected as altogether fabulous had they not been given us on authority of the highest respectability. It is related of Themistocles that he could call by his name every citizen of Athens, though they amounted to twenty thousand. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name. Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers in the order of the roll-call. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca could repeat in order two thousand words heard only once.

**PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.**—The last report of the Inspectors of Prisons in Ireland states the number of criminals, with the sects to which they professedly belong. Whole number, 33,940; Roman Catholic, 29,563, or 86 per cent.; Established Church, 3512, or 10 per cent.; Presbyterian, 882, or 2 per cent. There were 1331 juveniles under 16 years of age, of whom 1179 were Roman Catholics. In one prison, the Mountjoy, there were 319 Roman Catholics, 55 Churchmen, and 4 Presbyterians. The proportions of the population are 86 per cent. Roman Catholic, 12 per cent. Churchmen, and 9 per cent. Presbyterians.

**PLEASANT RATHER.**—Dr. Cumming's theory of the near approach of the end of the world was endorsed by a worthy townsman a short time ago. He occupied the chair at a party where a number of friends had met to bid good-bye to one of their number who was leaving for a distant part of the country. After the usual toasts, &c., had been all gone through, the worthy chairman found himself at a loss for what to say. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He started to his feet, and said—"Gentlemen, dey ye ken the reason it's been sae warm this summer? Well, I'll tell you. The earth's got out of its orbit, and is now flying with meteoric swiftness towards the sun; and in the course of five or six years we'll be a' knocked to smash." Rather a pleasant piece of information for the company.—*Hawick Advertiser.*

**CHURCH FROSTS.**—A minister was once asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—frozen together; but frost splits as well as binds what it takes hold of. We have seen more churches frozen to pieces than frozen together, ten to one.

**DON'T BE GUILTY OF IT.**—Never laugh at any one who does not dress as well as you do. They may know a great deal more than you. They are probably better far to their little brothers and sisters. Treat them kindly. Don't look at *their* clothes, and then at *yours*, as if to say: "See how nicely I am dressed." Such conduct is mean and ill-bred. Don't be guilty of it.

**CRITICISING PREACHING.**—I never suffered myself to criticise it, but acted upon the uniform principle of endeavouring to obtain from what I heard all the edification it afforded. This is a principle I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers, critics. I am persuaded it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines which we hear, is a miserable exchange for the tenderness of spirit and the dew of heaven. *J. J. Gurney.*

**THE MAGIC-LANTERN IN AFRICA.**—When Dr. Livingstone was passing through the Bolanda, a country town in the west of Africa, Shinte, a king or chief, was very desirous of seeing an exhibition of the doctor's magic-lantern. "When I went for the purpose," says Dr. L., "Shinte had his principal men and the crowd of court beauties near him. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac. It was shewn as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad; the Bolanda men remarked that the picture was more like a god than the things of wood or clay that they worshiped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible we now held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. 'Mother! mother!' all shouted at once, and off they rushed, helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol-huts and tobacco-bushes; we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest."

**HOW IT MAY BE DONE.**—If you happen to be an honest and diligent young man, if you possess the respect of your associates, and have taken a fancy in your head to get rid of your industry and your honesty, to lose the respect of your friends and the good opinion of your mates, I will tell you how you may manage the matter in a very little time, and with very little trouble—*learn to drink rum.*

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